Scala Dante Rome
8th Sept. 1845

My dear Maria

You'll be anxious to know how I am going on in the Roman Summer which is now almost done & I confess I have found it very tedious & oppressive – Rheumatism has made several attacks upon me, but none of long duration – the last in my Knees & Hands so that I have difficulty in getting up from my chair

I shall not be anxious to try another Summer in Rome – half the day sitting in semi darkness & in despair of every breath of air – let it bring a fever & my painting languishes for I cannot call up the spirit requisite – but withal my "St of Basil" is very near done (from Keates poem of Isabella)

Charles has written me a charming letter & I should answer it to him but you deserve the better as you are alone & therefore I write as often as I can – 7th July was my last, so you are a month without my news

I am suffering a slight attack of Rheumatism
in my knees which alarmed me as I was afraid
my enemy was returning — but it is nearly gone
& I am in comfort — Rome is decidedly a
bad place for rheumatism & I must go
next Summer to Tolfa if I am alive, my
good Doctor electrifies my knees every morn-
ing
I am very comfortable & enjoy the tran-
quility of Rome, you say truly that my two
scanty incomes (which I can put in each eye)
would not be enough for a London life, at all
events I should not be able to pay for Cabs
which are essential to my well being — for I
drive out to some pleasant place & walk
sometimes 2 hours — then I look out for anothe
cab which I don't always find & have to walk
2 miles till I have a leg to stand upon
Rome in the Summer I expect would
cause me many ills, & now that the heat is over

I seem to have gone over it all better than I expected

How often I think of Masons Court & my little garden with the scarlet runners all round & the big tub for the water – no doubt I was a great favorite of my poor dear Father, who for a poor man did wonders for me which I can never forget – How singular that neither of us 3 boys should ever have taken to drink when was Fathers bane, peace to his soul

I am afraid you are very lonely tho you have dear girls over the way & a gossip with Tom – How astonished you'd be if you could know how much I have had to learn to be equal to these about – how I have tapped even to get rid of my Cockneyisms – but all this I owe to Rome where I felt once perceived my sad deficiences in observing the fine people about me – yet I always think I ought to have done more but I don't know how for the present race of artists are very inferior to me